

Frank Underwood's New Ringtone

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Category: House of Cards

Genre: Humor

Language: English

Characters: F. Underwood

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-15 07:15:25

Updated: 2016-04-15 07:15:25

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:42:50

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,362

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Kimmy Schmidt and Titus Andromedon get lost on a tour of the White House, and run into none other than the President of the United States. This has consequences that even Francis J. Underwood could not foresee. Crossover with The Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt (waiting on a category for Kimmy fanfics).

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An Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt and House of Cards Crossover

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Author's Note: It's time for another season of the Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt! To celebrate, I'm pitting Netflix's funniest roommates against the indomitable Frank Underwood. Please enjoy and review!

\* \* \*

><p>"Titus!" Kimmy Schmidt whispered with urgency. "Come on! We're missing the rest of the tour!"<p>

The bathroom door opened, and Titus Andromedon stomped out, pursing his lips in annoyance. "Kimantha! Would it be too much to ask for a chance to use the bathroom in peace? You don't get to use White House toilet paper every day, you know!"

"Hurry up!" she said, grabbing him by his wrist and running as fast as Titus would permit. Kimmy heard voices down one corridor. "That must be the tour!"

She raced past a gallery of First Ladies, Titus galumphing along behind her.

"Some gallery!" Kimmy remarked. "They don't even have the Queen!"

Before Titus could respond, they bumped into someone who was quietly contemplating a picture of Lyndon B. Johnson.

In a flash, a young man with a gun at his side jumped between the roommates and their victim.

"You need to watch where you're going!" the young man snapped, glaring icily at Kimmy.

"It's alright, Meechum," said the man behind him in a vaguely Southern drawl. "They must have gotten lost."

"Oh my gosh!" Kimmy exclaimed. "I saw you on TV! You're the guy from CNN!"

The older man gave a small smile.

"Kimbecile," Titus whispered. "That's the President of the United Steaks!"

"Frank Underwood, at your service," said the President, extending his hand for Kimmy to shake.

"Hi! I'm Kimmy Schmidt!" Kimmy grinned, shaking Frank's hand enthusiastically. "I've never met a President before!"

"Most people haven't," Frank chuckled. Meechum could see that beneath his mask of affability, he was quite annoyed.

Titus elbowed his way in front of Kimmy. "Hello, Mr. President!" He grabbed Frank's hand and shook it even more vigorously than Kimmy had done. "Titus Andromedon, rising superstar. You may have heard of me?"

Frank's smile became even more forced as he eyed Titus's fuchsia, silk blazer. "I'm afraid I haven't, but this job keeps me from keeping up with culture as much as I'd like." He looked from Titus back to Kimmy. "Are you here for a tour?"

"We are, Mr. Underwood," Kimmy explained. "We got separated from our group."

Frank groaned inwardly. He wanted to delegate this to Meechum, but he was not convinced that Kimmy and Titus would not break free from him and reign chaos on his already tense White House. "Well, Meechum and I will get you back to your flock."

Meechum spoke into his earpiece, contacting other Secret Service Agents to locate the rest of the current tourists.

"So, Mr. President," Titus began.

Frank had been dreading something like this. He widened his eyes and leaned towards Titus to give the impression that he was

listening.

"I've always wanted to ask youâ€¦ Why do you pardon the turkey every Thanksgiving? Why not give that turkey to the hungry, like homeless people or fashion models?"

"Well, Titus, it's a tradition, and our national traditions make us who we are as a country." \_Like politicians pretending to care about idiots like these two\_, Frank soliloquized.

"Yeah!" Kimmy exclaimed. "Like how we dye the Durnsville chickens different colors at the beginning of March so the eggs are already dyed when they lay them for Easter!"

Frank could not decide which part of that statement was more ridiculous. "Durnsville, Indiana?" He thought he sensed Meechum focusing in behind him.

"That's right!" Kimmy smiled. "Have you ever been there?"

Frank had not been to Durnsville, but he was not about to tempt Kimmy Schmidt to give him a full description. "Oh, I visited on the campaign trail when we were getting President Walker elected."

Frank continued down the hallway, eager to be free of his unwanted guests, who currently flanked him while Meechum brought up the rear. Within five minutes, they caught up with the tour group, who gasped and raised their phones to take pictures of the President.

"I think you lost a few," Frank laughed, gesturing to Kimmy and Titus, who laughed along with him. "Kimmy and Titus are American treasures. Make sure you don't lose them again." He looked severely at the tour guide, who seemed to take his meaning.

Kimmy rushed forward and gave Frank a big hug, which he returned, smiling awkwardly at the onlookers, who still held their phones aloft.

Titus stepped forward. "I would like to take this opportunity to encourage you all to buy my single, "Peeno Noir," coming soon to iTunes stores everywhere!"

"Alright, Titus," Frank said before Titus could continue. "Thanks for visiting me at home, and God Bless America." Kimmy, Titus, and the other tourists applauded as he waved and walked around the corner with Meechum.

Once they were out of sight, he sighed, rubbing his temples with the thumb and middle finger of his right hand. Hearing a small sound, he looked up to see Meechum chortling at him. Frank shot him a startling look of vitriol.

"Something funny, Meechum?"

"Not at all, sir," the bodyguard said, regaining his composure.

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><p>Later that day, Frank was sitting in the Oval Office, when his press secretary, Seth Grayson, walked swiftly into the

room.<p>

"Delay my press conference this afternoon," Frank said, looking up from his papers briefly. "I have to get Petrov on the phone before I can really make a comment."

"Yes, sir," Grayson said. "If you have a moment, you might want to see this."

Frank glowered above his reading glasses, accepting Seth's iPhone with his ringed hand. The headline on the digital article read, "Eccentric Singer's Song Goes Viral After White House Visit."

\*\*President Frank Underwood played hosts to two very unusual guests at the White House today. Pictured below is the POTUS with Kimmy Schmidt, one of the cult victims known popularly as Indiana Mole Women, and Titus Andromedon, a New York resident whose unusual song, "Peeno Noir," is topping the charts. \*\*

\*\* "I would like to thank President Underwood for being such a dedicated and loyal fan," Andromedon told Slugline. "And to all of you who are struggling, remember that your big break is all about being in the right place at the right time."\*\*

\*\* President Underwood was unavailable for comment at press time.  
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"Have you heard the song?" Frank asked.

"It's pretty bad," Seth replied, suppressing a laugh. "But a sense of fun is just what you need if you want to be reelected in 2016."

"So we make them think that I like this song and then we can forget about it?" Frank asked.

"I've already made it into a ringtone for you, sir." Seth said.

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><p>Two days later, President Frank Underwood stood before the assembled reporters in the White House Press Room. He was answering questions about a particularly difficult situation with Russia and Viktor Petrov.<p>

Just as Kate Baldwin raised her hand, no doubt to ask a difficult, probing question, Frank felt a telltale vibration in his breast pocket.

"PeeeeN00000000 NOIR!" came the auto-tuned voice of Titus Andromedon from Frank's phone.

The reporters laughed, and Frank made a good show of being embarrassed.

"I'm so sorry, ladies and gentlemen, that's Claire reminding me that it's almost dinner time," Frank announced good-naturedly. Waving the reporters, he left the podium and the room.

Claire Underwood was waiting for him in the hallway. "Francis, I

think you should definitely keep the ringtone. It's actually charming, albeit in a pedestrian sort of way."

Frank glared wordlessly at his First Lady. \_I curse the day that I ever met Titus Andromedon\_, he soliloquized.

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><p>THE END<p>

Author's Note: Thanks for reading! Please review!

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file.